

DELL

JUNE-AGE.

AND BEAUTIFUL NEW STORIES

10¢

KING

of the Royal Mounted



FAMOUS PLACES OF THE NORTHWEST

WATERTON LAKES



ACROSS THE BORDER BETWEEN MONTANA AND CANADA'S PROVINCE OF ALBERTA SPRAWL THE MIGHTY PEAKS, JEWEL-LIKE LAKES AND ICE GLACIERS OF THE TWIN PARKS (GLACIER NATIONAL PARK IN THE U.S., AND WATERTON LAKES IN CANADA).

Illustration by WATSON FOSTER © 1953



TOO COLD AND ROCKY FOR HOMESTEADING, THIS GLORIOUS "ROOF OF THE CONTINENT" REMAINS A WORLD OF UNspoiled BEAUTY.



A FEW YARDS OFF THE PAVED ROADS AND TOURIST TRAILS, THE COUSAR STILL HUNTS THE MULE DEER AND THE MOUNTAIN GOAT



THE BLACKFEET WILL TELL HOW NAPI, THE CREATOR, FORMED THIS WILD, BEAUTIFUL WORLD AND FILLED IT WITH LIVING CREATURES.



WHEN NAPI WENT AWAY, HE LEFT HIS LIKENESS IN SNOW HIGH ON A MOUNTAIN PEAK. AND YOU MAY SEE IT THERE TODAY!

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KING

of the
Royal
Mounted

THE DEAD RINGER

CALLED TO THE SCENE OF A BACKWOODS SHOOTING AND FIRE,
WHO LAST KING ARRIVED LATE IN THE AFTERNOON.



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

MMMMMM! KILLED BY A BULLET WHICH STRUCK UNDER THE CHIN AND FLEWED UPWARD! MARKS OF A THREE-FINGERED RIGHT HAND ON HIS THROAT...



AND HERE IS WOLCOTT'S SON---THE ONE THAT KILLED HIM, I RECKON, SINCE WE FOUND IT ON THE GROUND, POINTING TOWARDS HIM!

GOOD! IT MAY HELP...



NOW WHAT ABOUT THIS MAN WHOM YOU SUSPECT?

KLUS-KAP? YEHR! HE'S MISSING THE FOREFINGER OF HIS RIGHT HAND, AND HE'S GOT A LOCK OF SNOW-WHITE HAIR AMONGST THE BLACK HAIR ON HIS FOREHEAD!



KLUS-KAP NEVER MADE ANY TROUBLE TILL TWO NIGHTS AGO...



WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

WE DON'T EXACTLY KNOW! WE HEARD WOLCOTT TELL--- THERE WAS NO ONE BUT KLUS-KAP AND WOLCOTT IN THE STORE, RIGHT THEN... NEXT THERE WAS A SHOT--- OUTSIDE! AND THEN WE SAW THE PLACE ON FIRE!



NOBODY SAW THE FIGHT--- NOR ANYTHING MORE OF KLUS-KAP! TOO BUSY FIGHTING FIRE TO LOOK---

OF COURSE! I'LL SLEEP HERE TONIGHT, AND GO AFTER KLUS-KAP IN THE MORNING...! THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, RODWELL!





AROUND A BUSH OF TREES, STARRED SPIED, SMORTING IN SURPRISE.





THAT INDIAN MUST BE BAD --- TO MAKE HIM GIVE UP AND FACE A MURDER CHARGE! NO NEED TO HANDCUFF HIM



OH! MY! MY!

IT LOOKS AS IF I'LL HAVE TO ARREST HIM TO THE POST!



I'LL HELP YOU OFF --- IF YOU WANT TO LIE DOWN ---

WHY? --- HANDCUFF?



PRETENDING TO PUT AN ARM ABOUT KING'S NECK FOR SUPPORT, THE INDIAN SUDDENLY DELIVERS A WICKED "RABBIT PUNCH":

HAH!



FEELING IN HIS SADDLE, KING FIGHTS OFF A WAVE OF BLACKNESS ---

WHAM! I POOLED ME!



--- UNTIL HIS SIGHT PARTLY CLEARS!

WHUFF!

AFTER HIM, STAPHIRE!

THE INDIAN'S HORSE IS SWIFT, AND BUSH-WISE, DODGING THROUGH THE BUSH LIKE A CHEET—JUT STAMPEDE, ONCE LEADER OF WILD HORSES, OVERHAULS HIM!





WHOEVER HARMS MY PRISONER WILL BE
SHOT! GET BACK!



AS THE CROWD FALLS BACK, MUTTERING AND RILY, A
RIFLE STEADIES TO AIM, FROM BEHIND A LOG WALL.



BUT KING'S QUICK EYE SPOTS THE WEAPON——AND HIS
OWN SPEAKS FIRST!



THE IMPACT OF KING'S BULLET JARS THE RIFLE——
IN TIME!



"KING-KAP, GET OFF YOUR HORSE AND INTO THAT BUILDING——
UNDERSTAND?"



HURRY! BEFORE SOMEBODY ELSE
TAKES A SHOT AT YOU! THESE MEN ARE
ANGRY ENOUGH TO RISK A LOT!







FOUR FINGERS? FOUR COMPLETE, HEALTHY FINGERS?



YOU ARE NOT KLUS-KAP! EVEN THOUGH THE MEN OF THIS SETTLEMENT THOUGHT YOU WERE? EVEN WITH THAT WHITE LOCK OF HAIR?

LOOK! NO KLUS-KAP!



YOU ARE LYING! YOU ARE TRYING TO PROTECT KLUS-KAP, BUT IT WON'T WORK! FINGERPRINTS DON'T LIE!

MY KLUS-KAP!



GET DUTY SOON! YOU CAN----- BEFORE THE ANGRY MEN TRY ONCE MORE TO KILL YOU! IT IS DARK NOW

NOT! WE STAY! WE KILL-KAP!



THERE'S MORE BEHIND THIS THAN I UNDERSTAND! I'LL ASK POWELL--- WHO SEEMS TO HAVE A LEVEL HEAD----- IF KLUS-KAP HAD A DOUBT, A?



AND IN THE DARKNESS, NOT FAR AWAY-----

THE MOUNTAIN'S LEFT---AND THE PLAIN IS INSIDE! GET THE OTHERS, JACK-- AND WE'LL FIX THAT MURDERING SAVAGE!

O.K., TOM! IT WON'T TAKE LONG--







IT'S MC-ROSWELL, SERGEANT!

ALL RIGHT! YOUR NEIGHBORS HAVE GONE! THE INDIAN COULD HAVE GOTT AWAY TO THE BUSH, BUT I THINK ----



---I THINK HE DUCKED BACK INTO THE STOREHOUSE! WE'LL TALK WITH HIM AGAIN, ROSWELL!



NOW--LOOK AT THIS RIGHT HAND, ROSWELL---AND TELL ME WHO HE IS!

HUH? EXCEPT FOR THAT COMPLETE RIGHT HAND, HE'S THE IMAGE OF KILUS-KAP, SERGEANT! THEY MUST BE TWINS!



I BELIEVE YOU ARE RIGHT, ROSWELL---ONE TWIN PROTECTING THE OTHER! BUT THE PUNNY PART OF IT IS--- NEITHER ONE OF THEM KILLED WOLCOTT!

WOLCOTT?



LOOK! THERE IS BLOOD AND A BIT OF SKIN STUCK TO THE FIRING PIN OF THIS REVOLVER! SOMEBODY STUCK A FINGER UNDER THE COCKED HAMMER TO KEEP IT FROM FIRING---AT HIM!

THAT MEANS--- WOLCOTT WAS TRYING TO SHOOT THE OTHER FELLOW!



YES! AND THE FINGERPRINTS SHOW THE MAN GRIPPED THE BARREL TO TURN IT ASIDE. THEY MUST HAVE STRUGGLED HARD FOR IT--- AND BY CHANCE WOLCOTT TRIGGERED WHEN THE GUN WAS POINTING AT HIS OWN GUN!





MEN OF THE WILDERNESS

ALEXANDER
HENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SUTHERLAND

EARLY IN THE SPRING OF 1895, YOUNG ALEXANDER HENRY MADE READY FOR THE YEARLY TRIP OF THE FUR BRIGADE TO FORT WILLIAM. . . SQUARES POUNDED DRIED MEAT INTO POMMIDAM, AND STUFFED IT INTO BAGS OF BUFFALO HIDE.



HE PERSONALLY CHECKED THE HUNDRED AND TWELVE BALES OF FURS IN THE FORT VERMILION WAREHOUSE — — — — — A RICH TRADE!



AT LAST HE WAS READY! THE BIG BRACKBARE CANOES, EACH ABLE TO HOLD TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS OF PRECIOUS, WERE LOADED WITH THE BALES OF PRECIOUS FURS.



THEN THEY WERE OFF ON THE MONTH-LONG TRIP DOWNSTREAM TO THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE FUR BRIGADE, TO THE WARM HANDSHAKES AND GREETING TALK OF FRIENDS.



AT FORT WILLIAM, ON LAKE SUPERIOR, EACH ARRIVAL OF THE KINABAKAS FOR BRIDGES WAS MET WITH LOUD WHOOPS OF WELCOME. THE EXCITEMENT, THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT GREW DAILY.



NEARLY EVERY NIGHT THERE WAS DANCING, WITH NEPER INDIAN INDIAN AND HALPBRED MAIDS TO GO AROUND. IT WAS A TIME FOR CELEBRATING!



A MONTH LATER, THE BRIDGES WERE LOADED AGAIN---THIS TIME WITH ALL THEY COULD HOLD OF TRADE GOODS AND SUPPLIES TO CARRY EACH WILDERNESS POST THROUGH THE COMING YEAR.



ROUGH WATER WAS ENCOUNTERED OFTEN AS THEY PROBED THE LENGTH OF LAKE WINNIPEG, NORTHWARD BOUND.



THESE VOYAGEURS WERE HUNGRY MEN. DURING THE TWO MONTH TRIP BACK, EACH CREW OF FIVE ATE THREE BUSHELS OF CORN, THREE OF WILD RICE AND 600 LBS. OF MEAT.



THEY REACHED FORT VERNILION IN THE GOLDEN GLOW OF AUTUMN LEAVES--- TO FIND HUNDREDS OF BLACKFEET
TEEPES PITCHED ON THE RIVERBANKS, WAITING FOR TRADE.



ON LANDING, THE YOUNG FACTOR WAS MET BY THE CHIEF OF ONE
BAND, AND PRESENTED HIM WITH THE USUAL GIFTS ---
INCLUDING A SIX-FOOT THIRST OF TRADE TOBACCO.



THE NEXT MORNING A BOAT WAS SENT TO BRING THE
INDIANS WHO WANTED TO TRADE ACROSS TO THE POST.
THREE WOMEN WERE TO PADDLE THEM --- SINCE
THE BLACKFEET WERE NOT CANNIBALS.



AS SOON AS THE BOAT TOUCHED THE BANK, THE INDIANS PLUNGED
THEMSELVES INTO IT ---



--- UNTIL IT SANK TO THE BOTTOM! AND THERE THEY
SAT, WAITING FOR IT TO MOVE! THEY THOUGHT THE BOAT
WOULD "BARGE" THEM ACROSS THE RIVER, REGARD-
LESS OF LOAD.



WHILE THE TRADING WAS GOING ON AT THE POST, A NUMBER OF THE VOYAGEURS WERE OUT KILLING THE WINTER'S SUPPLY OF BUFFALO MEAT.



IT TOOK THOUSANDS OF BUFFALO QUARTERS TO KEEP A THRIVING WILDERNESS TRADING POST OPERATING --- FOR THERE WAS VERY LITTLE OTHER FOOD TO BE HAD FROM HORSES BROUGHT IN.



MEANWHILE, GREAT ICEHOUSES WERE BEING BUILT TO HOLD THE MEAT. FIRST A SQUARE HOLE WAS DUG, FORTY FEET WIDE.



THEN, WHEN THE RIVER ICE HAD FROZEN THICK, GREAT CRUMBS WERE SAWED OUT OF IT. THESE LINED THE FLOOR AND SIDES OF EACH ICE-HOUSE FIT. WATER WAS POURED OVER THE BLOCKS TO FREEZE THEM SOLID.



NEXT, LAYERS OF BUFFALO MEAT WITH THE HIDE STILL ON WERE SPREAD ON THE ICE --- AND OTHER LAYERS ON TOP OF THEM --- ADD TO AN ICEHOUSE --- UNTIL IT WAS FILLED, A SHED WAS ERECTED OVER EACH ICEHOUSE.



WITH SEVERAL OF THESE ICEHOUSES FULL OF FRESH MEAT, FACTOR HENRY AND HIS VOYAGEURS FELT SECURE FOR THE WINTER. LET THE BUZZARDS BLOW, THEIR FOOD WAS SAFE!



THE LAST VOYAGE

Old Captain MacPherson puffed on his pipe as he bonded the wheel of the ancient stern-wheel steamer, Yukon Queen. This journey back up the Mackenzie River was to be the last for both of them, he was retiring and the ship was to be broken up by the fur trading company.

"Hmph, we're both old but there's still many a good year in us yet," grumbled MacPherson as he looked longingly at the banks of the river he wouldn't see again.

Up ahead, a great pillar of smoke rose from a huge forest fire, turning the sun to a feeble glow.

"That fire must be near the new mining camp," mumbled MacPherson.

As they swung around a bend in the river, he saw the right bank was a mass of fire. Near the new uranium mining camp on the bank, the miners had made a fire break of earth to keep the fire from the camp. The landing dock and the swift new small steamer that the mining company had been using for their uranium ore, were only outlines in the sea of flames that engulfed them. As MacPherson watched, the flames suddenly jumped the firebreak and roared down on the wooden buildings of the camp.

"Glory be," MacPherson said shakily under his breath. "They'll all be burned up if I don't do something quick!"

MacPherson gave the ship hard right rudder as the Yukon Queen swung toward the flaming shoreline where the miners had taken refuge in the water to escape being burned.

"Clear the decks, we're heading to shore to help these miners," he bawled to his deckhands.

"But, Captain, the Yukon Queen may be destroyed, too, in that holocaust," shouted the first mate from the deck.

"What's the difference," yelled Mac-

Pherson. "She's to be scrapped anyway. Let's make her last run something to be proud of! Get ready to help those miners aboard!"

The flat-bottomed ship headed steadily toward shore and the wall of flame that reached out toward her.

"Stop engines!" MacPherson heard the bow hit the bank of the river. The crew started to help the exhausted miners onto the deck.

"Get them aboard fast," yelled MacPherson. "We've got to get away before we burn up, too!"

The last of the miners was carried aboard the decks of the Yukon Queen as the Captain ordered full speed astern. The great rear paddlewheel began to churn. Slowly she eased back off the sticky mud and backed into the cool safety of the broad river, turning slowly to head upstream again toward the town and help for the injured men.

Everyone in Fort Manry turned out to help and the hurt miners were soon overcrowding the hospital.

MacPherson sat on the bank of the river looking at the smoke-blackened ship that had been his pride and joy for many years.

"Well, old girl," he mused. "You've done a good job and we're going out in a blaze of glory! Too bad we won't get a chance to show that we can STILL do a good job in spite of our age!"

"You WILL have that chance, Captain MacPherson!"

The old Captain turned in surprise to see Mr. Barber, the uranium mines president, smiling at him.

"I've bought the Yukon Queen from the fur trading company. She'll be overhauled and put in tiptop condition to haul our mining supplies. But we need a good, seasoned Captain to handle her. Will you take the job, Captain?"

MacPherson smiled happily and shook Barber's hand, too choked up to speak. After Mr. Barber left, he turned and smiled happily at his ship.

"We'll show them, won't we? There's plenty of good years in BOTH of us yet!"

KING

of the
**Royal
 Mounted**

THE PHANTOM GUNNER

EARLY IN JUNE A BUSH PLANE SETS DOWN ON A WILDERNESS LAKE, FAR NORTH OF CIVILIZATION.



IT LANDS SERGEANT KING, HIS YOUNG COMPANION AND THEIR PACKS.







STAND OUTSIDE! -- TILL I
HAVE A LOOK AND MAKE SURE.

SURE THAT IT'S REALLY
COUSIN BOB'S CAMP?



KIM? IS SOMETHING
WRONG?

YES? STAY
WHERE YOU ARE,
KID!



ALL RIGHT, COME IN, NOW!
THE SKELETON ON THE FLOOR
IS THAT OF A BLACK BEAR?

SKELETON -- ?
YES -- WHAT'S
IT MEAN?



COUSIN BOB -- ?

THE BEAR KILLED HIM -- AFTER
SMASHING THE STOCK OF THIS RIFLE!
IT HAPPENED THREE MONTHS AGO -- FOR A
MOMENT BOB GARY MUST HAVE FOUND THE
BEAR EATING HIS SUPPLIES...



THEN WHAT ABOUT BOB'S
LITTLE BOY, NEIL?
HE'S SOME?

THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM,
KID -- -- EXCEPT SOME
CLOTHES HANGING UP!



THEY'RE WORN-OUT CLOTHES, MOSTLY -- KIM? DO
YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE COUSIN BOB GARY AND
NEIL COULD HAVE WORKED? THE BEAR
MIGHT HAVE KILLED
ANOTHER MAN?

HARDLY!
THAT,
KID -- ?



IN THE DOOR OF THE PLANE'S CABIN, THE PILOT'S WHITE FACE APPEARS BRIEFLY --- AND VANISHES, BACK INSIDE!









... AND FIRES... ALL IN ONE SWIFT MOTION! A CLOSE SHOT!



LEVERING IN ANOTHER SHELL, THE RIFLEMAN TAKES COVER
... YET ADVANCES, READY FOR A SECOND SHOT...



... UNTIL WITHIN TEN YARDS OF HIS TARGET! FOR A LONG MINUTE HE STUCKS
KING'S STILL FORM, HIS GUN HALF-AIMED.



THEN HE TURNS AROUND, SATISFIED THAT HIS
FIRST BULLET DID ITS WORK.



"KRAK!... WAS THE LONGEST MINUTE I'VE
LIVED, FOR DAITE A WHILE!" IF HE'D SHOT,
I MIGHT NOT HAVE BEATEN HIM!"



FROM THE DEER A LOW, RHYTHMIC, SWISHING SOUND
REACHED KING'S EARS! FOOTSTEPS WHICH LEAVE
NO TRAIL!











Primitive seas churn when
Turok fights the "Dinosaur of the Deep!"

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THE GREAT NORTHERN WOLF



THE GREAT NORTHERN WOLF, THE LARGEST CANINE IN THE WORLD, MEASURES UP TO EIGHT FEET IN LENGTH AND WEIGHS UP TO TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.



WITHIN RECENT YEARS HE HAS THREATENED TO Wipe OUT BIG GAME AND CATTLE HERDS ON THE NORTHWESTERN FRONTIER.



THERE ARE NO RECORDS OF THE GREAT NORTHERN WOLF ACTUALLY KILLING MAN, BUT HE HAS GIVEN SOME LONE MEN AND EVEN FAMILIES A CLOSE CALL.



THESE WOLVES CHOOSE ONE MATE FOR LIFE, AND SHARE THE WORK OF FEEDING AND TRAINING THEIR BIG FAMILIES.



THERE ARE USUALLY SIX PUPS BORN ABOUT THE END OF APRIL, THEIR COLORS RANGING THROUGH BLACK, BROWN AND GRAY. WHEN THEY ARE GROWN THE FAMILY BECOMES A CLOSE-WORKING TEAM OR PACK.

HEY KIDS!

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